

CHAPTEE XVII

FROM KHAETOUM TO LONDON— CONCLUDED

SWEDEN was delightful! We stayed at the Palace, and the Crown Prince and Princess were our hosts, as the king was in the South of Europe. There was a serious-minded uncle, a very strong Y. M. C. A. man, and another uncle, of the hussar colonel type. The Crown Prince himself was a thoroughly good fellow, very serious and honest, the kind of man who, if he were in England, would have made a good, rather radical, Liberal Member of Parliament, and I am sure would on the whole have backed up your son. His wife was physically, mentally and morally a thoroughly healthy and charming woman, and their three little children were evidently being brought up well in all respects, and were as attractive, busy, vigorous small souls as one could wish to see; the elder couple playing with steam-engine-like energy, and the baby crowing with lusty delight. We lunched with a younger brother, Prince Wilhelm. He had lunched with me in America, but as at that time there had been nothing specially to identify him, it had entirely slipped my mind, and I nearly got into a scrape by asking his wife if I had not met him before. She, by the way, was a Russian princess, rather a young girl with a pretty mutinous face, very fond of her baby. She was a curiously Russian type; one of the things that amused me with all royalties was the way that they resembled the types of their respective countries, although of course they were all of mixed blood, and, in all of them, the

predominant
was German—this quite as much out of
Germany as
it. The princess in question was intelligent
and
cultivated.
There was one little incident in connection
with our host